



HYPNOTISM.

The Influence Of An Active Mind Over A Passive One.

THE COMING SCIENCE.

By Mrs. Mattie Grinnell.

This has been a wonderful century and might be termed the "Wonder Period" of the world's progress. Chemistry, photography, microscopy, hypnotism, telepathy, telegraphy, and many other sciences have made rapid strides. The nineteenth century has given us a noble growth of much rich fruit.

Hypnotism is what we might call a unique or quite an exalted science for just common ordinary, everyday folks to attempt to handle. It contains powers and mysteries that are beyond the scope of those who are not particularly scientific. Geology pierces the earth and as astronomy takes us to the stars; even so this science carries us to a still deeper one of moulding the human will—the most independent and God-like faculty given and when it comes to yielding up that will to another, we naturally rebel a little.

Prof. Harnad is the world's greatest living hypnotist. He has been termed a "crash" but so have all other enthusiastic, progressive, scientific people. Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, even Columbus, Morse, Edison, and many others have been placed in the same category with him. I have noticed for a year or more that progressive legislators, jurists, physicians, teachers, nurses, employees and in fact all persons who are required to influence others either in public or private life have been believers in this science to a certain degree. The influence of one mind over another is almost like an anaesthetic surgery in the sick room. When a child is ill the influence of the mother or father's mind over it is something miraculous. I believe that hypnotism is a more powerful than the other but not necessarily weaker in intellect, if adults are the subjects. Though we have never witnessed any startling phenomena of the science, why should not we believe what we read and have heard others tell?

I believe in instantanous hypnotism—a mother's hands on the brow of her child to relieve or alleviate pain or a wife's ministrations to a husband who is suffering. This is not miraculous but truly scientific fact. We should not at this age ever refuse investigation of any science that doesn't conflict with orthodox religious beliefs. Religion and science should go hand in hand. Our minds should be swept clear of all superstition and also of antique prejudices and rustic misconceptions. Science and discoveries should be accepted as a trust and should be used for the good of human beings and for the honor and glory of God.

This century has developed many remarkable ways of inter-communication too, which no doubt the coming century will carry on to greater perfection. Time space, matter, will be wonderfully subjected by the mind of man. I believe two persons in close mental sympathy with each other, who have a great deal of affinity, can transmit and receive thought a hundred miles a part. The twentieth century will greatly increase, no doubt, the facilities of inter-communication between the continents. Why not? What have steam and electricity done?

I believe in brain communication as much as by telegraph or telephone. I believe in mind waves as much as in the ebb and flow of the ocean's waves. The theory is not new as it has been a fact of re-producing in a photograph the voice alone whose very accents and tones we recognize, long after that voice is still in death.

Does It Pay To Buy Cheap?

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes, if possible; if not possible for you then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Boecher's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggists in the world. For sale by—A. R. FISHER.

Gosselin's Joke.

He-I know a man who would be willing to give \$1,000 to hear you sing. She—Totally deaf, I presume? He—Yes. And after he had heard her he would give another thousand dollars to be deaf again, I imagine. This fable for ladies teaches that the easiest way to irritate the sentimentality of a man may be married is to guess his joke in advance.—Indianapolis Press.

She Sets a Good Example.

If a woman can refrain from splitting on the sidewalks and in the street cars, a man can.—Memphis Appeal.

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An Exclamatory Name.

"O, Mye," called the justice in the Police street police court today, and a silence fell over the room, while the crowd looked around to see why the justice had uttered the sudden exclamation.

"O, Mye O, Mye," again called the justice, and Barnett hurried to the bar and asked the justice what was offending his dignity.

"Call O, Mye, Mr. Barnett," ordered the court, and Barnett repeated the words in tones that could be heard on the street. The officer gazed about for the person who he thought was guilty of contempt of court, and when a neck appearing man left his seat and walked toward the bar Barnett seized him and declared him under arrest.

"Is this the man who is guilty, your honor?" asked the bailiff.

"What is your name?" asked the court, without heeding Barnett's question.

"O, Mye," answered the prisoner, and the bailiff took a tighter hold on his collar.

Never Admit Defeat.

Never admit defeat or poverty, though you seem to be down and have not a cent. Stoutly assert your divine right to be a man, to hold your head up and look the world in the face. Step bravely to the front whatever opposes, and the world will make way for you. No one will insist upon your rights while you yourself doubt that you possess the qualities requisite for success. Never allow yourself to be a traitor to your own cause by undermining your self confidence.

There never was a time before when persistent, original force was so much in demand as now. The nifty pambly, nervous man has little show in the hustling world of today. In the twentieth century a man must either push or be pushed. Every one admires the man who can assert his rights and has the power to demand and take them if denied to him. No one can respect the man who slinks in the rear and apologizes for being in the world. Negative virtues are of no use in winning one's way. It is the positive man, with a little original energy and push, that forges to the front.—Success.

J. Q. Hood, Justice of the Peace, Croby, Miss., makes the following statement: "I can certify that One Minute Cough Cure will do all that is claimed for it. My wife could not get her breath and the first dose of it relieved her. It has also benefited my whole family. 'It acts immediately and cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe, bronchitis, asthma and all throat and lung troubles.'—A. R. Fisher.

Fine Group of Young Men Attending College at Tobsport.

Owen, Joe and George Champion, Ivan Martin and J. K. Boyle, of Derby, Ind., and Sam Green, of Tobsport, students at Prof. Powell's Normal school at Tobsport, Ind., were in town Saturday and called at the News office.

"After suffering from severe dyspepsia over twelve years and using many remedies without permanent good I finally took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It did so much good I recommend it to everyone," writes J. E. Watkins, Clerk and Recorder, Chillicothe, Mo. It digests what you eat.—A. R. Fisher.

The Independent Farmer

The farmer does not have to solicit the patronage of any one. He does not have to enter into competition and strife with his neighbors like the merchant; he does not have to warp the truth like some people. In fact, he can be the most independent man on God's green earth if he manages his affairs in a business-like manner. He has more time and equal opportunities for improving his mind; he has less alienation for corrupting his morals, and his occupation is conducive to the highest development of his physical power. He can be on intimate terms with his whole family, at peace with his world, and can worship God "under his own fig tree, none daring to molest or make him afraid."

Dewey Gave Her A Gavel.

Admiral Dewey has presented to Mrs. Lizzie S. Holding, regent of Sarah Trumbull chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Rockville, Conn., for the use of the chapter, a gavel, made from oakwood taken from the port side of the flagship Olympia while under repairs at the Charlestown yard. In artistic beauty and historical value, together with the personal favor conferred, is much appreciated by the Daughters of the Rockville chapter. The gavel is small and especially adapted for the use of a woman. The shape is novel, the handle being tastefully beaded, and the head carved in a handsome figure. The gavel is inclosed in a handsome box.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

White of the Boiled Egg Unfit to Eat.

Very few persons can eat the white of a hard-boiled egg with any degree of comfort. Eggs are highly nutritious and easy of digestion when lightly or undercooked. The albumen, the white of the egg, coagulates as soon as it is dropped into hot water. The long boiling renders the yolk soft and mealy, but the white becomes tough and indigestible, and should be discarded.—May Ladies' Home Journal.

AT REST.

Mrs. Anna Goff Harris Died At Tobsport Thursday, May 11th.

Mrs. Anna Goff Harris, aged seventy-eight years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. Adams, at Tobsport, Ind., Thursday, May 11th. Mrs. Harris had been a widow for forty-four years and leaving two children, and a number of grandchildren. She was buried in the Tobsport cemetery Saturday afternoon, May 13th, Rev. Marr conducting the services.

Mrs. Harris was loved and respected by all who knew her and will be greatly missed.

Strawberry Fishing in Chile.

A singular custom prevails in Chile which in these days of aseptic precautions will cause a shudder among those who see infection lurking in every detail of life. It is called strawberry fishing and is conducted in this fashion:

At the close of a dinner the cloth is removed, and there is placed upon the table an immense bowl into which are emptied half a dozen bottles of Bordeaux wine, four of cherry and two of rum, besides sugar and nutmeg. Into this mixture is put a very large strawberry, which floats upon the surface. The bowl is provided with two handles. These are used to lift the vessel and tilt it so that the strawberry may be brought near the edge and sucked into the mouth. This would appear an easy feat, but it is a difficult one, as the fruit rolls over when touched with the lips. The contestant in the effort swallows a considerable quantity of the liquid concoction.

This is the rancor for the game, for the bowl is passed from one to the other many times in succession before the strawberry is captured. When that moment finally arrives, all of the guests have reached a ripe stage of blurriness. This is the game as it is played among the higher classes. Among those of a lower social standing the fiery liquor of the country is substituted for wine. With them strawberry fishing develops into a function compared to which a fighting match at a party in this town is the recreation of a group of people seeking Quakerism.—New York Sun.

Lincoln's Coolness.

Thomas F. Plummer, for 35 years a doorknocker at the executive mansion, used frequently to accompany President Lincoln on his walks about town and has many interesting things to tell of that great man, whom he believes to have been one of the bravest men the world has ever known.

On one occasion Lincoln was walking with the president down a flight of steps at the navy department when they came suddenly upon a man who was evidently endeavoring to hide himself in a dark corner at the bottom of the staircase. Observing the stranger and fearing he meant harm to the president, Plummer essayed to place his body in a position to protect his companion.

Mr. Lincoln, however, brave and fearless as always, stepped forward and closely scrutinized the man, who ran rapidly up the steps and, turning rapidly around when he reached the top, looked down upon the president, who did not falter, but continued to gaze sharply at him. On their return to the White House Mr. Lincoln said quite calmly, "Plummer, do you know I received a letter last night warning me against a man who exactly answered the description of that man we met on the steps?—Leslie's Weekly.

Cedars Twenty Centuries Old.

Some cedars are undoubtedly more than 2,000 years old, for, though on good marble soil they grow about as fast as oaks, on bare pavements and smoothly glaciated overgrown granite ridges in the dome region they grow extremely slow.

One on the Starr Rock ridge, only 2 feet 11 inches in diameter, was 1,140 years old. Another on the same ridge, only 1 foot 7½ inches in diameter, had reached the age of 834 years. The first 15 inches from the bark of a medium sized tree—6 feet in diameter—on the north Tennessean pavement had 800 layers of wood, or 57 to the inch. Beyond this the tree was stopped by dry rot and overgrown woods.

The largest I examined was 33 feet in girth, or nearly 10 feet in diameter, and, though I failed to get anything like a complete count, I learned enough from this and many other specimens to convince me that most of the trees 6 to 10 feet thick, standing on polished granite pavements, are more than 20 centuries of age rather than less. Barring accidents, for all I can see, they would live forever. When killed, they waste out of existence about as slowly as granite.—John Muir in Atlantic.

Stoic.

"And you are stuck on your last husband?" he flattered, wishing to seem very sympathetic.

The beautiful woman burst into tears.

"I never was so badly stuck on a husband in all my life!" she sobbed. "I suppose he was worth a million, and he isn't worth anything!"

In our material age, the word stuck has lost much of its tenderly sentimental significance, and is mostly used, as here, in its technical commercial sense.—Detroit Journal.

Tony's Easy Job.

"Got a letter from Tony the other day," said Aunt Hepzibah Lincolnton.

"What he do?" asked the caller.

"He's makin' a livin' 'bout don't anything, he says. He's got a position with a lot of rich men that have a clubhouse and play some kind of game. I've forgot what it is, but anyway all Tony's got to do is to carry a bag with sticks in it, and the men use the sticks and do all the work."—Chicago Tribune.

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